Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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"DEPARTED WORTH."

BY GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.

On the Monument to General Worth, Madison Square, New York.

Lo, "*Ducit amor patriæ!*" In these days
How rare the patriot—rarer still his praise!
The good are slandered, even in their dust;
The bad are praised by lying shaft and bust.
Here stands—proclaim it to the wondering earth!—
One genuine tribute to departed WORTH.

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Will sauntered down into the school-room next morning, he met Jack in the hall. The other boys had gone in, but the bell had not rung. Will took the initiative, with his usual audacity:

"Well, Jack, I s'pose you feel terrible top-lofty this mornin'!"

Jack stared.

"What for?" he asked.

"O, 'cause you're a goody boy, and never do any thing ma says you mustn't!"

Jack flushed and his fist clinched, but he seemed to hear that mother's voice, "Say 'No' to your temper, my boy!" and, with a strong effort, he answered,

"I don't mean to, and I hope I sha'n't. Did you think the cigar paid, Will?"

"Look here! You shut up! If I hear you've been blabbin' to the fellers or to pa, I'll half-kill you!"

Jack laughed.

"I'm the biggest, sir; I guess you wont do no killin' on this child. As for blabbin', I sha'n't answer questions here, nor anywheres, except to those that have the right to ask."

Will scowled at him as savagely as he knew how, but only produced a grimace that made Jack laugh again. And just then the bell rang.

Next day was Friday, and their day to go to Danvers for a Sunday at home. Mr. Boyd's wagon was sent over for them, and, as they were friends again by this time, there was no quarreling between them; and Will did not dare to allude to his cigar-smoking before the driver.

But Will's pale face did not escape his mother's eyes.

"My dear boy," she said, fondly, "what makes you look so white?"

"O, nothin'," said Will, coloring quite up to his hair.

"But you look sick."

"Well, I aint. O, ma, don't fuss. I guess you wont think I'm sick when supper-time comes!"

Yet when it did come, Will did not show much appetite. Miss Malvina had tried to give him a dose of medicine and keep him in bed a day, but the boy objected stoutly, and insisted on the fact that his mother never gave him any thing but homœopathic medicine, and would be horrified if he was made to swallow rhubarb.

So this second time parental custom faced down Miss Malvina's common sense. For how could she know that Mrs. John Boyd gave her children pellets because they rebelled at every other dose?

Ah! fathers and mothers, you wonder that schools and teachers do so little good to your children. When you want a goodly crop of grain is it your custom to plant the field thick with weed-seeds before you hire a laborer to scatter kernels of corn therein?

But seeing that Will sat at the table pale and languid, and only playing with his dainty food, Mr. Boyd remarked,

"Lost your appetite, boy?"

"I guess so," said Will, faintly.

Indeed, the severe nausea of Wednesday afternoon, and the effort to keep about and study on Thursday and Friday, had weakened the delicate boy and disturbed his digestion.

"Been sick?" queried the father.

"O, just a headache," and Will colored again, so hotly that his father suspected something. He had been a boy himself not so long ago but that he could read his son's face.

"Well, go up stairs, child. Don't sit here and see things you can't eat."

"And I'll get you some pellets," said the anxious mother, who had already begun to count up the cases she had heard of children overtaxed at school and dying of brain disease.

Mr. Boyd had an objection to boys telling tales out of school. But yet he had a little curiosity about Will's illness, so he asked Mrs. Manice that next Sunday if Jack had said any thing about Will's illness the last week.

"No," said Manice; "but here is Miss Kent, Brother John. She came in to spend Sunday, as her father preaches for the Crackit Mission to-day, and she will tell you."

Manice stepped back, took Jack's hand in hers, and Mr. Boyd stepped into Jack's place beside Miss Malvina, and soon found out what he wanted to know.

But he laughed.

"Little rascal! A real chip of the old block. Goodness, how abominably sick I was when I took my first. I didn't mean he should begin so soon, though. Cigars aren't allowed in school, are they?"

"No, indeed!" sharply answered Miss Kent.

"Well, well. I'll stop it. Will must wait."

Miss Kent looked at the kindly, frank, blunt-faced man beside her, and—held her tongue. She knew when to be silent—a much rarer knowledge than when to speak.

"Mother," said Jack that night, as he sat on the floor at Manice's feet, with his head in her lap for their Sunday "talk," "I did remember to say 'No' two times this week."

"That is good," said his mother.

But she did not ask him further. She felt that a confidence is worth nothing if it is not voluntary. Its virtue and grace are lost when it is the result of coaxing or command.

But Jack had no idea of stopping there.

"You see, one of the fellers wanted me to smoke a cigar, and I wouldn't."

"Did you want to, dear?"

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"You'd better b'lieve I didn't, mother. Why, he was the sickest boy *you* ever saw. He looked awful, and I guess he felt worse. I don't want to feel nor look like that. Not much!"

"It was not very hard to say 'No,' then?"

Jack looked up at her; his honest face flushed. He gave a little embarrassed laugh.

"O, mammy, I guess I've boasted for nothin'. But it was hard the other time. I got awful mad with a feller for something he said, and I was just goin' to strike him, and I remembered what you said about sayin' 'No' to myself, and I shut up."

"That's my boy!" said Manice, stooping to kiss his forehead. "Be honest with yourself, Jack, and you'll be honest with every body; and stick to your 'No.' I'll give you a text every time you come home to last till you come again. A sort of war-cry, you know, such as the soldiers in old time used when they went into battle. Living is a sort of battle, and this is a good shout, 'Quit you like men, be strong!' Don't you think so?"

Jack's eye kindled. His mother knew him well. The masculine, aggressive principle was strong within him. He would always be a fighter, not a thinker. She did not try to change his nature, but to direct its bent. If he was a man of war, it should be war against the devil and all his angels, an archangelic battle that a man may be proud and glad to undertake.

"You know what 'quit' means, Jack?"

"I know what it means sometimes, mammy. Mimy says, 'Now you quit that!' And you'd know what she meant by the way she says it. But I s'pose it doesn't mean that 'xactly. It sounds good, any way."

"It means 'acquit' here, my boy; that is, 'behave.' Don't be afraid like a weak child, but be manly; something like what another verse says, 'Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life,' and as it is in the hymn book, 'Onward, Christian soldiers.'"

"But, mother," he said, shyly, "I dunno as I am a Christian soldier. Paul asked me th' other day if I'd got religion; and Will heard him, and Will said, 'Ho! Jack pious! I guess so! 'Bout as pious as my puppy.' Mother, can't I be good without bein' pious? Boys don't like it."

Manice was perplexed enough; she did not know what to say. A silent look upward helped her.

"Jack, I don't know what you mean by pious. You can't be good unless you love goodness, and God is goodness. I want to teach you how to know what is good and what is bad, but I cannot make you love one and hate the other. Only God can change your heart so that it will delight in his will; and there has not been a day or night since you were born that I have not asked him to do so; so I know he will."

Jack looked at his mother with a sort of awe.

"How do you know, mother?" he said, under his breath.

"Because, dear, he has promised. And do you know what Christ said? 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good gifts to them which ask him?' And I have tried the Lord's promises, Jack, before now."

The girls came in then, and neither the boy nor his mother said any more. But Jack went back to school the next morning with an odd feeling of being held in bonds that he did not make and could not break; he felt as if his mother and God—being only a boy his mother came first—had both got hold of him and would not ever let him go. The impression wore away from his consciousness, but rested deep in his soul till the hour should come for its reviving and its eternal stamp.

The wagon came first for Jack and then stopped at his uncle's door for Will. Mr. Boyd came out and lifted Will's bag in for him.

"Look here, sir!" he said, with a certain sternness that a twinkle in the corner of his eye belied. "No more cheap cigars! and for that matter no more cigars at all till you get through school. I don't want you poisoned with bad tobacco, nor running your head smack against Mr. Kent's rules. It's full time to take up manly notions when you're a man. Good-bye to you."

Will was furious. As soon as the wagon turned the corner he fell upon Jack with full intention of making him pay for his tale. But the driver, a good-natured Irishman, picked up Jack with one hand, and lifting him by the coat-collar, dragged him up to the front seat before Will had half a chance to pummel him.

"O be aisy now, Master Will; what are ye afther to be knockin' your cousin about this-a-way?"

"He's a sneak!" roared Will, "a mean old tell-tale; and I'll just give it to him when I get him back to school, you bet!"

"I'd like-to-to-know-wh-what I've told?" panted Jack, out of breath from the suddenness of Will's attack.

"I know what you've told, sir. You've been tellin' about my smoke; ther' wasn't any body else *to* tell; and I *know* 'twas you just as well!"

"No you don't," said Jack, coolly, having recovered his breath. "I never told a single wingle thing about it. Nobody asked me, and I told you I wouldn't tell unless I was asked."

"Told its mar! little dear!" sneered Will.

This was too much for Jack.

"You lie!" said he, with all his voice, turning a face of red wrath on Will, who, as might have been expected, flew at him again, but was repelled by Patrick's strong arm.

"Now shtop it, me boy! Av you want to fight him, don't go to do it here or ye'll be under the horse's heels in no time, an' I'll be cartin' ye home kilt intirely. Set down an' be quiet till ye get there anny way."

There was enough common sense in the proposition for even boys to perceive it, so they lapsed into sulky silence, but hardly were they out of the wagon before they fell upon each other and might have fought to some serious purpose had not Miss Malvina come out of the front door.

"Boys!" she said, "stop at once!"

The voice of authority had its weight.

"What are you fighting for?" she asked.

"He told pa about my smoke," answered Will, "and he's a real sneaky tell-tale."

"You lie!" shouted Jack.

Miss Malvina looked at him steadily.

"It was not Jack who told of you, it was I," she said to Will.

[*To be continued.*]

CONCERNING SWIMMING.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

Part II.

SEEING that nobody questions the importance of a thorough knowledge of swimming, it is surprising how many grow to manhood without mastering this fine and froggy art. Not long ago it could be said with truth that nineteen out of every twenty sailors in the British navy were unable to swim, and yet Britannia claims the proud title of mistress of the seas. The naval training schools have done very much of late toward removing this reproach, and perhaps if some philanthropist would establish a fund to be administered upon the same principles as a gentleman I knew did his five-dollar pieces, more "land-lubbers" as well as "sea-dogs" would win the freedom of Neptune's domain. This gentleman happened to be blessed not only with a numerous progeny, but with an amazing number of nieces and nephews, and as he resided in a sea-port he thoroughly appreciated the value of swimming.

Accordingly he founded the admirable system of presenting each juvenile relation with a gold piece upon satisfactory evi-

dence being presented that he or she, as the case might be, could swim ten yards in good form.

Not a summer season passes without its gayety being clouded by some dreadful disaster, the horrors of which would have been materially mitigated by a more general knowledge of swimming. Take the *Princess Alice* catastrophe as a type. Here was a river steamer on a lovely summer's evening, laden —alas! criminally overladen—with a precious freight of happy holiday folk, suddenly crashed into by a leviathan of the deep and sent to the bottom ere she could be beached. Now this did not happen in the open sea, or in some wide-spreading bay, but in a comparatively narrow river, and scores of lives that were unhappily lost might easily have been saved, but for the pitiable helplessness in the water of the majority of those on board. The same remark applies to the terrible disaster which occurred a few years back on the Thames River in Ontario, at which hundreds of human beings came to an untimely end in a few feet of tepid, muddy water.

The saddest phase of all calamities of this kind is that women and children make up the bulk of the victims, and this must not be set down altogether to the selfishness of the men who happen to be present. The women must bear their share of the blame, for as a class they are provokingly indifferent to the importance of being at home in the water. Seventy-five per cent. of the fair sex probably never get into any deeper water than their bath, while of the twenty-five per cent. that do, nine out of every ten limit their sea-side performances to aimlessly splashing and screaming, and running about on the beach. The consequence is that in event of an accident, even though it be only a dozen yards from land, the women can do nothing save cling in helpless groups to some man who is brave enough to risk his life on their behalf with the inevitable result that all sink together in one miserable heap.

That it is entirely feasible for women to become quite as proficient as men in the water is amply evidenced by the exploits of Agnes Beckwith and Emily Parker. They are both English girls, the daughters of professional swimmers, and have of course enjoyed peculiar advantages. In the year 1875 Miss Beckwith swam down the Thames from London Bridge to Greenwich threading her way unconcernedly through the crowded shipping and ubiquitous steamers; whereupon Miss Parker, in a spirit of professional rivalry, surpassed Miss Beckwith by starting at the same place, and not stopping until she had reached Blackwall. But another feat of the fair Agnes still stands unrivaled by the whole sisterhood of water-nymphs. At the Westminster Aquarium there is a huge glass tank originally constructed for the reception of a live whale, and in this tank our modern mermaid remained *afloat for thirty hours* without touching ground or even the sides of the tank, singing a little betimes, and reading newspapers, not omitting to vary the dreary monotony by partaking with bewitching grace of tea and cake, and other feminine refreshments.

It would never do, however, to allow such a feat to pass uneclipsed by the lords of creation. So Captain Webb, the same gallant swimmer who afterward threw away his life in a futile contest with the titanic forces of Niagara, in the month of May, 1880, floated comfortably about in the same whale-tank without touching foot to ground for *no less than sixty continuous hours*. Place side by side with this his even more marvelous feat of swimming across the English Channel, which he accomplished after *twenty-two hours* buffeting with its choppy, cantankerous waves, and you have the two greatest victories ever achieved by man over the watery realm.

Now, of course, it is neither necessary nor expedient that such wonderful exploits, touching as they do the high-water mark of human capability, should be rashly copied by the rank and file of swimmers. Yet they are not without their value, and more especially those which illustrate the remarkable powers of floating which may be acquired by taking the trouble, because "floating" is an extremely useful accomplishment, and one too little heeded even by those who are fond of the water. There are times when the ability to float for a long period is even more important than the ability to swim, and many a precious life might have been saved by a knowledge of the art. Floating can be done in two ways, either prone upon the back, or standing nearly upright in the water—"hanging by the chin," as it has been called. To float in the first position you allow yourself to sink gently backward upon the water, taking care to have your back well hollowed, and your legs extended straight. Then blow yourself up to the full extent of your lungs, keeping the mouth shut tight, and breathing slowly through the nose. You will now float quite comfortably, the whole of your face being above water, and it is only necessary to move the hands with a slight side-like simmering motion to remain in that position as long as you feel inclined. As you put out your breath you will sink about an inch, rising again as you draw it in.

"Hanging by the chin" is a most valuable acquisition without which no swimmer ought to consider himself proficient. Once mastered, and you may hang in the water until all is blue—that is, until you become all blue, or die of hunger, or a shark absorbs you into his internal economy. This is how you do it:

If when floating on your back you cease all motion with your hands, your legs will sink until you assume an upright position, the hollow of your breast keeping your head above water. Now if you lean your head quite back so that the face is looking skyward, all the back part of your head being in the water, and its weight consequently supported thereby, your face will be perfectly free for breathing, will rise an inch higher every inspiration, and be depressed as much every expiration, but never low enough for the water to come over the mouth. Not only is this method of hanging by the chin most useful in giving time for rest, but it is invaluable as a means of hiding from pursuit when in an open sheet of water. Many years ago a quick-witted pioneer escaped the sharp eyes and sharper scalping knives of three Oneida Indians by suspending himself for nearly an hour in the middle of a river over which the painted braves swam in fierce but vain pursuit.

If I had not already aproached the limit allowed me, I would like to say something about the different styles of swimming, and about famous swimmers from Leander to Captain Webb, but I must refrain. I cannot close, however, without asking if a knowledge of swimming ought not to be included among the essentials of every boy's education, just as it is in the training of a German soldier. Were our colleges and academies to add a good swimming bath to their educational equipment, they would materially enhance the value of their work among "our youth," and then it would soon become necessary for the cities and towns to follow suit by providing adequate means for public enjoyment of this delightful and health-giving exercise. An important move in this direction is already going on in England, and it is full time that we progressive people on this side the Atlantic, who pride ourselves upon having every thing that is good, bearing in mind that "cleanliness is next to godliness," should follow the good example of Birmingham, Sheffield, and other English cities, and provide bathing facilities for the people.

CUSTOMS AT WEST POINT.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

A DAY at the military academy is a day to be remembered, and nothing impresses the visitor more than the discipline. When he is introduced into a class-room, though he may be wholly without distinction, all the cadets at once rise, bow to him, and remain standing until he is seated without embarrassing him by staring at him or even scrutinizing him. If one of them is speaking he pauses in his recitation and recapitulates for the benefit of the visitor all that he has previously said.

All the cadets are dressed with faultless neatness; the clothes are without crease; the collars, handkerchiefs, and cuffs are a pure white; the boots are mirrors in their lustrousness, and every boy holds himself erect both in sitting and in standing. At the end of the lesson all in the class rise together and march out of the room at a quick step in single file, and the visitor probably thinks that they are as fine a body of young men as he ever saw.

But while gravity and attentiveness prevail in school hours, and while military discipline exacts unvarying deference to superiors, the cadets out of school are very much like all other boys, and have their peculiar slang, songs, nicknames, and amusements. The discipline and studies are unusually severe, however, and life begins in earnest when a boy is admitted to the academy.

The cadets' rooms are small and without ornamentation. An officer may enter at any hour without knocking, and while he is present the occupant must stand. The occupant is also required to sweep and dust his own room, and if there is a speck on his mirror or his mantel-piece, if his clothes are lying about, or his bed is not neatly made, he is reported. A report is called a "skin," and when a cadet is reported he is said to have been "skinned." A large variety of "skins" are exhibited in the commandant's building every morning.

At six o'clock all cadets are awakened, and half an hour later they are expected to have washed, dressed, cleaned their rooms, and rolled up their bedding, which must not be unrolled until ten o'clock in the evening under the penalty of another "skin." One incorrigible was "skinned" successively for having "bedding down," "not sweeping," "dirt in his fire-place," and "dust on his mantel."

The studies are almost continuous until four o'clock, with the exception of intermissions for exercise in the gymnasium and in the riding school. The latter is a large pavilion with a padding of tan-bark on the floor to soften the bumps of those thrown upon it, and the exercises are so daring that many of the riders are unseated, and endurance is taxed to the extreme. Some of the orders are given by bugle-calls, with which many of the horses are more familiar than the fresh cadets, and in answering one such call the horses are so sudden in wheeling round that a boy unprepared for it is pitched headlong into the tan-bark. No matter how bruised and stunned he may be, he is expected to vault onto his horse again at once, and similar accidents are repeated until he has acquired a firm seat.

There are many pleasant festivities in the homes of the professors and the officers, to which the cadets are sometimes invited, and there is usually a large number of young ladies. The latter are called "four-o'clocks," because at that hour the cadets are released from study and are then enabled to pay attentions not precisely military to these charming visitors. Though shy among strangers and very decorous in the class-rooms, the cadets are audacious enough at a distance. I saw a boat filled with them on the Hudson one afternoon, and they kissed their hands and waved their handkerchiefs to the girls on board a passing steamer with a great deal of boldness. One little fellow who was called to order by the coxswain, put his handkerchief in his mouth while he pulled with his oar and continued to shake it vigorously as the big white steamer with the girls went by.

Studies begin again at about six o'clock, and are continued until nearly bed-time. At ten o'clock all lights are put out, and every cadet is expected to retire. The tap of a drum is heard and an officer passes from room to room, finding the occupants all wrapped up in their blankets; but though it seems impossible, and is severely punished when discovered, supper parties are occasionally given, and the next morning the officer smells an unaccountable reminiscence of cooking.

In summer the cadets live in camp and have a charming time among the beautiful highlands of the Hudson, and in four years those who are successful become second lieutenants in the United States army.

HER NAME.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
  Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees;
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
  And softly whispered, "May be."

"Tell me your name, my little maid?
  I can't find you without it."
"My name is 'Shiney-eyes,'" she said.
"Yes, but your last name!" She shook her head:
"Up to my home 'ey never said
  A single word about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
  "Why, didn't you hear me told you?
Dust 'Shiney-eyes.'" A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one; is it just the same
  When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
  A little blush ensuing,
"'Cept when I've been a-frowing stones,
And then she says (the culprit owns),
'Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
  What has you been a-doing?'"

—*Anna F. Burnham.*

ZIM PUTNEY'S LESSON.

BY CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

Aunt Patty Putney had come into the barn to find the cochin's nest which had been much sought after by her nephew Zimri to no purpose.

"He'd walk right over it unless the eggs was as big as an ostrich's, or the hen was on to fly out at him," she soliloquized, wiping her spectacles the better to pursue her difficult search. "Let alone a boy for findin' a sparrer's nest or a chippin' squirrel, but a hen's nest—Zimri Putney, what are you doing with that calf?"

"I'm only giving him provender, Aunt Patty, to make him grow big. It does take so long!"

"O what a boy! Stuffing a week-old calf with turnips! You'll choke him with the tough things, sure's the world is round. Get right off his neck this instant minute. Poor little innocent! The world warnt made in a day, Zim, an' it takes time to make an ox. You'll learn, sometime, that it's always the best way not to be in too much of a hurry. 'Haste makes waste.'"

That was Zim's great fault—he never could wait patiently for any thing. When set to doing any task he always took the shortest way to accomplish it, regardless of good results. He never could wait for the chickens to come forth themselves from their shells, but his meddlesome fingers must interfere for their destruction. The young lambs must be taken upon the hay-mow two or three times a day and stuffed with clover-heads to make them grow, till they were puffed up like angry toads and almost ready to burst their woolly coats. A year seemed such an age, and Christmas and Fourth of July as far apart as the poles.

That spring his father had given Zim a choice young damson tree to set out and care for and have for his very own; but the unlucky thing could not get time to strike root ere its impatient owner would carefully pull it up and examine it anxiously for any sign of sprout, till at length the roots dried up from exposure to the air, the bark wrinkled up and peeled off, and the limbs withered.

"It's dead as a door-nail," said Aunt Patty, brusquely, to

whom Zim had appealed for advice as how to make it take root and grow. "You've upset it too many times."

After that Zim resolved to be more patient, and Aunt Patty declared it was wonderful how he did stick to the weeding.

Some time after that—in June—a swarm of bees came out one Sabbath morning while his father was gone to church. Zim was at home with a "stone-gall" upon his foot. There was no one to attend to the bees but himself, and he was deep in the pages of "Cudjo's Cave." He had assisted his father several times to hive the bees and Aunt Patty was sure he could do it.

"If you don't they'll go to the woods an' your pa'll lose the swarm—an early one, too.

'A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon.'

Now do be patient with 'em, Zim, an' there'll be no trouble."

Rather reluctantly he dropped his book and hobbled out to get the hive ready. He would get through just as quickly as he could, he thought. He had not heard one half what Aunt Patty had been saying to him.

But bees cannot be hurried. And they hummed and droned about the big bunch that hung suspended from the limb of a pear-tree quite near the ground so provokingly slow that Zim got very angry with having to wait so long.

"It's no use standing round here for them hind ones to hitch on. I reckon they're the drones—always behind. Here goes, my lively bunch!"

The pear-tree, a small one, was a valuable Bartlett, and no branches could be spared, so Zim stood up on tiptoe and held the hive over the bees, thinking they would go into it. But they were not yet inclined to do so, and wearily the boy stood at his post and held on. Fifteen, twenty minutes those bees hummed and buzzed. Zim's toes seemed nearly cracked off, his foot pained him, and his arms ached unbearably, while his neck felt almost ready to break, stretching it in looking up to keep the hive steady upon the limb.

"O bother the bees!" groaned Zim at last, "I can't stand here and hold this thing all day."

But he held out a minute longer; then, an idea striking him, he ran to the shed and got a square piece of board large enough to cover the bottom of the hive, and tacked it to the hive with leather hinges. Holding the hive directly beneath the big bunch of bees, he made a sweeping cut with a shingle athwart the under side of the limb. The bunch dropped, the most of it, into the hive with an angry roar, and at the same instant several of the misused bees plunged their sharp darts into Zim's hands and face. He dropped the hive in desperate agony and fled toward the house whirling his arms about his head and shouting at the top of his voice.

Aunt Patty was feeding the chickens. She was dreadfully afraid of the bees, and when she saw Zim coming on toward her whooping like an Indian, with a cloud of the angry insects circling about his head and dabbing him every now and then, she dropped the dough-dish and ran, too, as fast as she could.

But Zim thought of the haymow. Into the barn he darted, over into the "bay" and plunged deep into the sweet clover hay.

It was some time before he dared come out, and then one eye was closed up nearly tight, several big, reddish-white bunches covered his hands, and one cheek looked as though he had had the toothache. His father came about that time, and before night the angry bees were settled in their new home.

Again Zim resolved more stoutly than ever to be in less haste and to give better heed to the lesson Aunt Patty was trying so patiently to teach him, and he succeeded very well for several days.

Then came Fourth of July. There was to be a celebration at the "Mills," a little village about a mile and a half away, and as there had been no celebration in the town for a number of years every body was anxious to go, and especially the boys and girls. Zim's father had gone away on business—he was one of the selectmen of the town—and charged Zim to look out sharp for the corn which, now just tasseling, stood high and rank and green. Corn was the pride of Mr. Putney's heart, and he always raised the best and earliest of any in the town.

Zim had obtained permission to go to the celebration with the proviso that he should run home across lots—not more than a mile—to look after the cattle at noon that they did not break into the corn. This Zim promised to do.

The day was clear and a hot sun poured down upon the little village, now filled with the people from all parts of the town. Zim had never seen so many together, and the number of fun-loving boys like himself was simply marvelous. Ah, what a perfectly delightful time he had all the long morning in spite of the heat! And all the best of the day was yet to come—marching to dinner at one o'clock by the tap of the drum, the lemonade, speeches, singing, firing off big bunches of crackers, for they were to be saved by the prudent youngsters to the last, and some rockets after dark.

Noon came all too soon, and Aunt Patty hunted him out to be sure that he went to look after the cattle. He tried to get a boy to go with him, but not one could have been hired to leave the festival for a moment, and he set off on the run alone. Arriving at the house he was very hot and hungry, but he would not lunch—that would spoil his appetite for dinner.

The corn field was away on the farther side of the farm, and a low ridge hid it. How he wished he could *see* there—it would save him so much trouble. A long ladder stood against the big barn to be ready in case of fire through the hot weather.

"Why not?" mused Zim, and he measured the height of the eaves from the ground with his eye, and the length of the long roof critically. "'Twould save so much time!" he muttered.

Off came his shoes, his best jacket and hat, and he went up the ladder very nimbly, the thought of the dinner spurring him on. When he arrived at the eaves his heart nearly failed him, for it seemed a long way down to the ground, much longer than when looking up, but to go away off over to the corn field in the heat was out of the question. The roof was a long one, yet not very steep, and with his hands and bare feet he crawled slowly up its incline to the ridge-pole. He had not dared to look down since starting from the eaves.

Yes; he could see all over the farm, and the corn was all right; but O, dear, what a long ways it was to the ground! How could he ever get down! He had never climbed half so high before. His head swam dangerously, and qualms of fear filled his heart. He clung with both hands to the ridge-pole and wished himself at the bottom of the ladder. He hoped the feeling would soon pass away, and he shut his eyes to keep himself from toppling off. But even with his eyes shut he could see the long roof with its shingles, curled up by the sun's heat, the swallows skimming about the eaves and twittering mockingly, and his brain spun round and round faster than ever, like the wheel under his father's old mill with a full head of water on.

And the sun was so hot! It beat upon his bare head and neck scorchingly, and his tongue was parched and clung to the roof of his mouth. Every moment his fear and dread increased. He dared not let go his hold, and again shutting his eyes he lay prone upon the ridge-pole, hugging it close with his knees. A great terror now seized him, and in imagination he could feel himself losing hold and rolling off to the ground. What if he should lose consciousness and this terrible calamity should really happen to him! The thought drove him nearly wild, and opening his dry lips he shrieked frenziedly for help.

But there was no one to hear, not even deaf old Davy Brown; he was at the celebration eating dinner by this time, with all the rest of the town, while he, a little miserable, tortured lad was fast to the ridge-pole of his father's barn.

O the agony of it all in the next hour—and the next—and all the slow, burning hours of that long, long July afternoon! For no one discovered the poor lad for all his wild shrieks. But at last the sun sank toward the west and the merry-makers jogged wearily toward home. Aunt Patty came home too, wondering why Zim did not come, for in the crowd she had not noticed his absence during the afternoon.

She went about the chores as usual, and while feeding the chickens by the barn door she heard a tired, pitifully weak voice calling,

"Aunt Patty! Aunt Patty!"

Aunt Patty was frightened, but she recognized Zim's voice, and in great trepidation hunted the barn over, all the time shouting to him. At length she discovered his perilous position, and bidding him hold on tight (as if the poor lad had not been doing so for six long hours), she ran for help, and it was not long before strong and kindly hands had brought him down from his lofty perch and deposited him on the wide kitchen lounge more dead than alive.

That was a most bitter lesson, and Zim did not forget it.

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A TENDER child of summers three
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"O, mother! Take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of thee!

—*J. G. Whittier.*

IN THE BLACK HILLS COUNTRY.

BY REV. JAMES LISLE.

WHEN gold was discovered in the Black Hills, a few years ago, there was a great rush to the new mines. Some of the adventurers gained wealth, but most of them had hard work and "hard times," and gained "experience."

The "diggings" were a long way from lines of travel, and all the provisions and other supplies needed by the multitude of fortune hunters had to be hauled by wagon from some point on the Missouri River in Dakota or from some point on the Union Pacific Railroad in Nebraska. "Freighting" was a very profitable business, and there were a good many men engaged in it, but they could not do all the work that was wanted, and great piles of goods lay at the stations for weeks waiting for transportation.

Two young men of our acquaintance—Henry Clark and John Williams—just out of school and anxious enough to get gold, had gone to the Hills, expecting to go into the mines.

A day or two spent in "prospecting" in Deadwood induced them to change their plans. Going to Sidney, a Nebraska town on the Union Pacific Railroad, they bought a wagon and a team of mules, and fitted up for work in freighting.

Having loaded, they for safety arranged to travel with a company of teamsters, who were making regular trips to the Hills.

It was a very wild country through which they traveled. Leaving Sidney they went northward, crossing the North Platte and Niobrara Rivers; then leaving the Red Cloud Indian Agency to the left, they crossed White River into the Bad Lands, and so made their way to Deadwood.

Through the season our young friends continued with the same company, with whom one of them could get steady employment at good wages, while the other drove their own team.

During most of the year the road was in excellent order. There is far less rain in that region than in the country farther east, and for months at a time there is no mud. During the winter there was cold weather, and there were some storms, yet from July to March following they lost very little time and were able to make a good many trips to the Hills.

We will now let Henry tell the story of their later adventures:

"In the spring our troubles began. Two or three times some of our mules had been sickened by alkali water, but we had lost none. With the spring thaw and the spring rains, the 'gumbo' made itself known. This is a singular clay that, when dry, is very hard and solid, but when wet is exceedingly sticky.

"Driving through wet 'gumbo' is very tedious. The clay sticks to the tires of the wheels, fills between the spokes, lodges on the hubs, rolls up in great wads, and forms a mass of pasty, waxy mud—sometimes of hundreds of pounds weight, and filling the space between the wheels and the wagon-box. I have seen a four mule team 'stalled' in gumbo when they had but an empty wagon.

"The gumbo is hard on the animals in other ways. The mud sticks to their bodies and limbs with a singular tenacity, drying in wads that increase in size during the day, often pulling out small patches of hair, and thus inflaming the skin beneath. Our mules soon learned to dread gumbo holes. We were in the Hills when the spring thaw took place, and, on our return to Sidney, we sometimes made scarce a dozen miles a day. We did not try the road again until the middle of July.

"All the while we had been on the trail there had been Indians prowling about. They had attacked several small parties, had killed a few men, and had done a good deal of mischief by running off stock. We, however, had not been attacked.

"During the second winter we had to burn a little gunpowder for the benefit of the red-skins. It was in January, and we were on our way down from the Hills. We had passed where Rapid City now stands, and had reached a point where the road—here running on the south side of a stream—made a long detour to avoid crossing a range of rough hills. It was but six or eight miles across, while it was near twenty miles around.

"For some time there had been no attacks by Indians, and many teamsters had become careless, going in very small parties and practically unarmed. On this particular day we met three of these careless fellows who had heavy loads. An hour after we met them they were fired on by some Indians on the north side of the 'neck.' The savages could have captured them, but I think they were only 'practicing' a little.

"After scaring the three teamsters, the savages scurried across the hills and waylaid us on the other side of the bend.

"Coming down from the Hills without loads, we harnessed but two mules to a wagon; while the rest of the mules belonging to the train, and numbering about thirty, were turned loose. This herd was led by an old mare kept for this purpose, and furnished with a bell. One or more of the men, well mounted and armed, attended to the herd, which would sometimes be a little way ahead of the teams, sometimes behind them, while at other times the teams and loose animals would form but a single body.

"We had passed around the curve, and the Hills were to our right. The herd was in a compact body, fifteen to twenty rods behind the hindmost wagon. The ground was

somewhat rough and broken, though by winding a little the roadway itself had been made tolerably smooth. The herd was crossing a slight depression, from which, owing to the swell ahead, only the tops of two or three of the rear wagons could be seen.

"Suddenly from the left two mounted Indians rushed between the herd and the wagons, while six or eight savages on foot closed around on the left and rear, all of them yelling like fiends, and with their rattles and other Indian trumpery making noise enough to stampede all the mules on the trail.

"But the bell-mare saved the herd. As soon as she saw the Indians she, with a snort of affright, plunged past the mounted thieves in the road, and, with a great clatter, galloped toward the wagons, the whole troop of mules following close at her heels, almost overturning in their headlong rush the daring rogues in the way.

"The Indians had planned to turn the herd to the right, and chase them among the hills. One of their footmen, at the first dash, attacked the herder, and fired several shots at him, but missed. When he drew his revolver and opened fire the red-skins got out of his way, and he spurred after the flying herd.

"The whole thing was over in two or three minutes. The teamsters heard the noise, unslung their guns, and prepared for action, but the Indians did not pursue. Instead they plunged among the hollows and were out of sight in a moment.

"After we had 'rounded up' the herd, we saw some ponies galloping over a hill, nearly a mile off to our right. The savages had dismounted most of their company before attacking us, and had left their ponies a little way off. By some means their own beasts had been stampeded, leaving several of the rogues to travel the rest of their journey on foot.

"It was almost night, and we camped about two miles farther on, setting strong guards, but were not molested again.

"In the morning we had a 'small streak of luck.' Four of the Indian ponies, after wandering all night without food —their heads being tied up—came to our camps with their packs, and were captured. The Indians had just been to an agency, and had laid in a good supply of ammunition, blankets, etc. As the owners never appeared to claim the property, we confiscated every thing, dividing the proceeds among the train-men.

"Our business was very profitable so long as the rush to the Hills continued. But the risks were too many. Nearly every man met with disaster sooner or later, while many, to use the expressive Western phrase, were utterly 'cleaned out.'

"We met with our disaster the next summer. From the profits of our work my partner and I had bought two more wagons and teams, and kept a hired man. In all, there were fifteen wagons in the train.

"We had crossed the Dakota line on our way up with valuable loads. The day's drive had been a hard one, and men and animals were very tired. About half the animals had been turned out to graze, tended by a careful guard.

"It was yet early, but most of the men not on duty had lain down. Suddenly, with a rush and a chorus of yells, came a line of mounted Indians, and took off every animal that was loose!

"It was no use to pursue. They had the start and their ponies were fresh. Then to leave the wagons would be to endanger our loads, and to divide our force would be unsafe.

"We lost more than half of our mules. Every man lost more or less, but by helping one another with the animals that were left, and resorting to a good many expedients and taking a good deal of time, we saved all our loads.

"After unloading we went at once to the agency from which we suspected these thieves had come. After a few days they came in with their plunder, and we were able to identify nearly every beast that had been taken.

"We applied to the agent and to the commander of the few soldiers there for help to get our property, but they refused to resort to force, as the savages were swarming by hundreds.

"We then tried to buy back some animals, and after a good deal of dickering and paying about their full value in market, we succeeded in getting enough of them to run the train home in good shape. We personally have never loved "the noble red man" since the day when he compelled us to pay *his* price for *our own property*.

"Our loss was heavy, but we had saved enough to pay us reasonably well for our time, so we sold out our entire outfit, and returned to the States."

AN ALASKA FERRY-MAN.

EARLY in the morning a small party of us had left the steamer *Idaho* at "Juneau," a mining camp on the Alaska coast. We had spent the day inland watching the processes of hydraulic mining, and had taken a dubious dinner in a small shanty at the bottom of a huge mining "basin." Not a murmur escaped us as we eat greasy ham and eggs and stale crackers, for the affable proprietor sat in one corner with a smile on his face and a 44-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver in his belt.

About seven in the evening we reached the shore in a drizzling rain to find that our steamer had dropped a couple of miles down the inlet to receive freight from a lumber camp. She would not return that night, and there was nothing for it but to spend the night in the trading-store or hire an Indian to paddle us down to the *Idaho*, whose lights we could see through the mist. Our steamer was not a magnificent vessel, but she was a model of luxury compared with the best accommodations which "Juneau" could offer us. We were tired, damp, and hungry, so we decided to take a canoe and go aboard.

We started down the beach to the Indian village, where a dozen large canoes were drawn out of the water. Most of the villagers had taken refuge in their low square houses, and we were compelled to ferret them out if we wanted transportation. We knocked at a large house, and the low door was opened by a squaw. We entered and approached the large fire which was blazing on the central hearth, and sending its smoke up the huge square chimney, in which rows of dried fish were hanging.

The proprietor of this mammoth smoke-house was reclining at ease on an old blanket, and simply looked at us inquiringly.

We asked him our question in the only *Cheenook* we knew:

"*Concha toller Idaho?*" ("How much to the *Idaho?*")

"*Mox toller.*" ("Two dollars.")

It was a round sum, but experience had taught us how useless it was to try to "Jew" down an Alaska Indian, and we submitted gracefully.

The old fellow motioned to us to go to the dock, while he brought around the canoe. The craft was narrow and leaky. There were cross-pieces or thwarts to strengthen the canoe, and I had hardly taken my seat on one of these when I felt a blow on the head, and looking around I saw our ferry-man pointing at the bottom of the boat. I yielded and sat down like the rest in a good half inch of cold water.

I could feel the water rising about my coat-tails, but I dared not raise myself. The old Indian was paddling hard and giving a fearful groan at every stroke.

So we went for two miles. Wetter and wetter grew the canoe, louder and louder groaned our copper-colored engine.

At last we reach the ladder of the *Idaho* and sprang aboard, throwing two silver dollars into the canoe. Our ferry-man snatched his fee and grunted off into the gloomy twilight, while we went below for dry clothes and a warm supper.

ETNA IN ERUPTION.

THE following extracts are taken from the letter of an English engineer who witnessed the beauties and terrors of the recent outburst of volcanic fires in Mount Etna in Sicily:

CATANIA, May 24.

You have probably heard of the eruption of Etna which is going on. It is most difficult to describe it, as no one can have any conception of what it is like until they see it, and also until they see it from where we did, which was on high ground overlooking nearly the whole of it. At the top is this enormous crater throwing out flames and throwing up stones some hundreds of yards, with a continuous roar, and just below is another mouth from which the lava comes, traveling at a tremendous pace. It divides into several streams and follows the valleys. Now imagine from where we were that night, with our backs to Catania, what we saw. On our right this enormous flame going hundreds of feet into the air, making the whole sky bright red, and all down past us from our right and extending down miles to the left streams of red-hot lava moving downward in a mass for miles, and looking like an enormous sea of red-hot coke. The width across the lava where we were was, perhaps, three or four miles, and it started about two miles above us and flowed some four miles or so below us, so you must imagine a sea of angry, red-hot lava five or six miles long and three or four wide, and about thirty or forty feet deep, but all of it bright red. You can judge whether it was a sight worth seeing. I would not have missed it for worlds. The lava is not liquid, as most people suppose, but consists of many millions of large and small blocks of rocky-looking stuff rolling onward. We saw one huge rock of old lava standing in the middle of the stream of lava, which was divided by it and ran around it; the rock was about the size of Quidenham Church, and this rock suddenly split into two parts; the smaller half crumbled up and the other half was carried bodily down with the stream slowly and steadily. We watched it until we left, and it moved about three quarters of a mile in about three quarters of an hour. We waited there until nearly midnight, as we could not venture down until the moon got up, and then we reluctantly left this magnificent sight. As we went up we had all gone into a little house to see it, and walked round it, and thought it was unpleasantly close to the lava. Well, as we came down this house was in flames and caught by the stream. In many places we had to take different paths, so quickly had the lava spread as it came down; and from below it is awful to see this mass thirty or forty feet high coming slowly toward us.

HERO WORSHIP.

WITH half Great Britain and all America sounding the praises of Mr. Gladstone, it is not strange that his wife should join in doing him honor. But it is probable that the little Teuton had never heard of the Grand Old Man:

The guard had shut and locked all the carriages of the train. Friends left behind had gathered their handkerchiefs, and servants were turning back. Suddenly a flurried voice from the train called out "John," and the head and bust of an elderly but agile lady, whom I recognized as Mrs. Gladstone, filled the frame of the window of a first-class car. John, a footman, did not hear, but a little German boy hard by, evidently a gentleman's son, had caught the call and turned the man back to his mistress.

"What a good little boy you are, to be sure," said the gratified dame to the lad. "I must give you something. Here is a shilling to buy Mr. Gladstone's photograph."

PASS IT ON.

AN exchange relates an instructive experience of the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, who when a boy of fourteen was traveling from his school in Germany to his home in Cornwall:

He went by train to Bristol—the rail only went as far then. He then went on board the vessel, and thought when he had paid the money for his passage that that included all. He was very hungry, and ordered his meals that day.

At the end of the journey a dapper little steward came to him and presented his bill. The boy told him he had no money.

"Then," said he, "you should not have ordered the things you did."

Pearse told the steward his name, and was surprised to find himself grasped cordially by the hand.

"I never thought I should live to see you," said the steward, and went on to tell him how, when he had lost his father, his mother was in great distress, and Pearse's father had been so kind to her that he made a solemn promise that, if he ever had the opportunity, he would show kindness to one of his; so he took charge of his young passenger, paid his bill, gave him five shillings, and put him into a boat with some sailors, who rowed him ashore. To his father, who met him at the landing place, he said,

"Father, it is a good thing to have a good father," and then told him of what had taken place.

"My lad," said he, "I passed the kindness on to him long ago, in doing what I did, and now he has passed it on to you. Mind, as you grow up, you pass it on to others."

One day, years afterward, he was going by train, and intended to take a first-class ticket, as he had a deal of writing to do, when he saw a lad at the third-class ticket-office rubbing his eyes to keep down the tears. He asked him what his trouble was, and the lad told him he had not enough money for his fare by four-pence, and he wanted so to go, as his friends were expecting him. Mr. Pearse gave him a shilling, and the lad went, bought his ticket, and brought back the change. As they rode together he told the lad the story of how he had been treated in the boat.

"And now," he said, "I want you, if ever you have the opportunity, to pass it on to others." He got out at the junction, and as the train left the station, the lad waved his handkerchief and said,

"I will pass it on."

A DISH-WASHER.

AN Ohio genius has perfected an invention which assures his everlasting popularity among the daughters of America. His idea is a machine for washing dishes. Many a girl has wearily wished for such a boon, and it has come at last.

A man from Ohio, who said he was an inventor, got the ear of the proprietor of a great Bowery restaurant over two years ago and said:

"How many dishes do you wash in a day?"

"Over 15,000," replied the boss.

"How many people do you pay for washing them?"

"We have six dish-washers on the pay-roll."

"I can make a machine that will wash and dry 3,600 pieces in an hour, without breaking or chipping a dish. I will save you $1,000 a year in wages alone, and will wash your dishes clean and keep them free from finger-marks and lint."

The inventor described his machine. It was a long trough, divided into three compartments. On one end was an L, and the other end, the front, was a set of valves. He showed the boss how a man could stand at the front end and pull a handle. That would fill the compartment farthest away with scalding hot water, which would afterward be kept hot by steam. When the compartment was full it ran over into the middle trough, and that in turn into the first space, directly in front of the operator. Soap was added to the water in that compartment. In this space a set of brushes revolved in the water, and they were set with springs, like a clothes-wringer, to let large and small dishes pass between them. A wide canvas belt with slats across it ran the whole length of the machine under water. If dishes were put between the revolving brushes they would be scoured with soap-suds, dumped on the belt, carried into the second bath and rinsed off, and finally dumped into the clear hot water in the third compartment. Out of that the belt delivered them into the L, where they dried of their own heat.

The machine looked practicable, and the man from Ohio was sent home to build one for the Bowery restaurant. When it came the human dish-washers did their best to make it break dishes, but it didn't even nick them. It took several months for the machine to make friends with the dish-washers, who were given other employment, but to this day it is looked upon as a non-union employee. It is the only machine of its kind in the city, and the only other one in the State is said to be in the Hotel Athenæum at Lake Chautauqua.—*N. Y. Star.*

CAIRO DONKEY BOYS.

A NILE traveler is known by the abundance of his stories about the donkey boys of Cairo. Dr. Brastow has given us a picture of the typical youth which deserves a place in the "rogues' gallery" of the world:

The donkey boy, as we know him, is from fifteen to twenty years old. He may seem much older, for here children mature early and grow old fast. Sometimes he is much younger, a mere child, a waif. Sometimes an old man, weary, worn, and broken. His dress is simple, and close to nature, as befits his business. He must use his legs freely, therefore he is guileless of pantaloons. A frock reaches to his knees and is girded about the waist. Sometimes he has a gayly trimmed jacket and always a blanket for the night. He buries his head profoundly under a twist of rags to keep the sun out of his lively brain. His hair is close-shaven, like a fighting character, which he unquestionably is. He is browner than the shady, sleepy gentleman of the bazar, and looks thoroughly baked. If he is not cross-eyed, blear-eyed, sore-eyed, or half-blind, he is exceptional. He is nimble as a fox, as fleet as a deer. He runs with astonishing grace. The long, regular, stately stride, that seems never to tire him, is a lesson to all pedestrians. He has the muscle of an athlete. He would discourage even Weston, and bring all gymnastics to shame. He eats little, lives cheaply, and would run his flesh down into muscle if he ate like a monk-fish. Commonly he runs another man's donkey, but sometimes he owns him, sometimes several, and then he is a magnate among his fellows. He rules the whole crowd of noisy brats, and cudgels them at will. He goes by some familiar pet name and is known all over Cairo. He pays a heavy license, sometimes not less than $150 a year, for the privilege of running his quadruped—an enormous burden and a premium on all sorts of fraud and trickery! The donkey is fed on grass or hay and costs for keeping not more than twenty cents a day. He is close-shaven, like his master's head, clipped, one would say, to within an inch of life, like a sheared sheep, and mercilessly gouged as to the hide in the process, which gives him a melancholy aspect. What with fantastic oases of hair in the surrounding desert of clippings, and a tuft at the end of his tail, he is, however, sufficiently comical.

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The Journalist.

A PAPER PUBLISHED TO FOSTER A GOOD JOURNALISTIC STYLE AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE.

Edited by readers of OUR YOUTH.

Notices.

The editors announced in this number hold their positions for this issue only, and must compete again to retain their places.

Contributions rejected for one number of THE JOURNALIST will not be published in another.

Contributions must be written on only one side of the paper.

Rejected manuscript will not be returned unless accompanied by stamps for that purpose.

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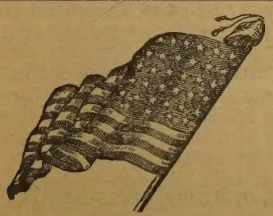

Editorial.

OUR American life is most intense. We live in a constant whirl of excitement. Men are so wrapped up in private concerns that it requires a decided halt, now and then, to bring them out of their selfish selves.

Our national holidays have this happy effect. They lift us out of the meaner cares into a higher, clearer atmosphere, where the nicer feelings of our nature have full play.

Here partisan fury and sectional hate are silenced. A more permanent friendship is established. Local lines are blotted out. In their place arises a vigorous nationality.

On the nation's birthday we review her past history. It challenges our admiration, our love, our patriotism. Anxiety for future prosperity sharpens and preserves that spirit from year to year. The observance of such days makes us better citizens. Our respect for our laws, and love for freedom is stronger. Our hearts beat better time to the music of the Union.

As long as these days continue to be marked as red-letter days in the year's calendar, so long is the perpetuity of our institutions and the patriotism of the people assured.

Our Great Holiday.

BY E. L. W.

IN that little but once mighty peninsula which curbs the waters of the Ægean Sea, which was the hub of civilization to Europe for over three hundred years, and to which we are indebted for many of our social, political, and intellectual ideas of to-day, originated the idea of "holding points," or holidays. The unity of those many little quarreling and dueling states was insured only by the meeting of the Amphictyonic Council, or the sports of the Olympic games.

In our own nation we employ the same means and find a like result from these national celebrations.

When we look back over the story of our bloody war, and read of the struggles of our forefathers through toil and poverty, we can but rejoice as they did in beholding the realization of their hopes culminate in that grand document, "The Declaration of Independence."

Let us exclaim with John Adams: "The celebration of this event should be perpetuated by the firing of cannons, the shooting of fire-works, and patriotic speeches, until the end of time."

Shall we not, then, all turn out and send forth such a shout of rejoicing as to resound and reverberate through the whole continent and float across our bordering oceans, penetrating the remotest corners of civilization, proclaiming us to be a free and independent people, united in a bond of friendship and brotherly love never before equaled in the history of nations?

The Fourth of July.

BY W. F. S.

Hail with cheers the glorious day!
The Fourth of bright July,
When our sires struck off the slavish bonds,
And Britains did defy.

For many years they struggled on
And fought both day and night,
To prove to burly Johnny Bull,
That with us "right makes might."

And we who, in this modern age,
Recall with joy and pride
The memory of that sacred day
For which our fathers died,

Feel called upon to make the vow,
Before a skeptic world,
The flag for which our fathers died
Shall ne'er by foes be furled.

The Advantages of the Study of History.

BY M. B.

THE study of history is not merely an arbitrary study in the curriculum of schools, but is the most influential and important branch of education.

In common with all other branches of learning, history has the advantage of training and strengthening the mind. If properly studied it develops the reasoning faculties also by forcing pupils to trace the causes and results of wars, revolutions, discoveries, reforms, etc.

History also increases the knowledge of men and things, of character and events, and thus prepares men for the inevitable struggle of life.

History also broadens and deepens the minds of men; it lifts them out of their own little worlds, and shows the great, broad world.

History should teach reverence and God-fear, for no man can study history properly and not see God's hand in all things.

History makes a man a better citizen, for it shows that the trend of all political life is toward the better condition of the masses.

History is a chart where statesmen can see the shoals, the rocks, the dangerous places of the sea of politics, and by avoiding them can bring the ship of State safe to port.

Stick to the School.

BY C. A. W.

STICK to the school, boys. Boys, at least the majority of them, think lightly of getting an education until they are in their teens. And often, O how often do they think too late to put their thoughts into execution! Then let us improve the moments as they fly, with provisions for that vast storehouse—the mind. Most boys are tempted, and especially the poor, to quit school and get a "job." Thus, for a few paltry dollars, they lose what might have been to them untold wealth and happiness—a good education.

But, boys, do not be in a hurry to get into life's cruel, grinding mill; the time will come too quick without. Youth is the spring-time of our lives, and the time when life's foundation and character are laid. I pray that it may not be on the sand, but on the solid Rock, to endure for centuries.

Stick to the determination of getting an education. Stick to it through thick and thin, and through trials, persecutions, sneers, poverty, and the many other humiliating scenes of this life. "Where there is a will there is a way," is an old truism. Look to Him who is able to give you all things, trustfully, hopefully, and repeatedly. I reterate, Stick to the school!

A Visit to a Cracker Bakery.

THE cracker bakery is the lion of the little New England village where I live, and we always show it to visitors as a curiosity. It is run by steam and has a "reel oven," as I shall show you if you will come with me.

All the baking is done in one room, along one side of which is a large trough where the flour, water, and yeast are mixed into a coarse dough and set to rise. This stiff dough is afterward placed in a mixer, where a slowly turning iron screw turns it over and over and discharges it ready for the roller. Great masses of the dough are placed upon a well-floured slanting board, at the bottom of which two smooth steel rollers are revolving. Through these the dough is passed repeatedly. It then goes to the cutter, where it is rolled to a thinness of one eighth of an inch and is received on an endless belt of canvas. A crank motion brings a set of stamps down on the smooth sheet of dough, cutting out a score of crackers, and when the stamps rise the belt moves forward, bringing a fresh surface of dough under the knives. A boy picks out the scraps, and a man shovels up a hundred of the soft round pieces and lays them on one of the shelves of the oven. This is a heated brick room fifteen feet square, furnished with a wheel from which hang eight shelves. The wheel revolves, but the shelves swing horizontally, so that the crackers do not slide off. When the shelves are all filled the iron door is closed and in a few minutes the first shelfful is done. The crackers are raked out into great hampers and taken to the packing-room, where, when cold, they are stowed away in boxes and barrels for shipment. The fresh warm crackers are light and soft, and do not at all remind you that they are the humblest food that civilized persons use, and that crackers and water are called prison fare.

A. H. J.

One Fourth of July.

BY C. E. H.

"O! I KNOW we shall have a splendid time to-day," said Kittie Lane to Mamie Evans, as she clasped the bright quarter of a dollar close in her palm. "Your father is so good to give us this money just for candy and ice cream, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied Mamie. "He most always gives us children some money on the holidays; but let's go down under the apple-trees and I will tell you what I have planned to do with the money."

So they went down and took a seat on the old bench while Mamie unfolded her plan.

"You know little Harry Mills that had his leg broken this spring. Well, I was thinking if we would buy him some fire-crackers, and torpedoes, and candy, so that he could have a nice time this Fourth. What do you say about it?"

"I think it is a splendid plan," said Kittie. "Let's go right now, so he can have a good time all day."

So they went down to the store and bought the articles, and Kittie said when they came out that she didn't know fifty cents could buy so much. So they hurried along to the cottage of Mrs. Mills.

Harry sat all alone, propped up in a large chair. His face brightened visibly as he saw the girls, and as Kittie emptied the things in his lap his eyes opened with astonishment.

"Well, you are the best girls I ever saw," he said, and called his mother who had been ironing in the kitchen.

She thanked the girls, telling them that she had just been wondering what she could do to amuse Harry all day, as he was so restless and longed to be with the other boys.

Kittie begged a few coals of Mrs. Mills, and brought them to Harry to light his fire-crackers with. The girls stayed some time seeing him light them and throw them out of the window, where they went off with a bang. Every now and then he would throw a torpedo down at the girls' feet, which would make them jump, much to his delight.

Soon the girls went home feeling satisfied with their morning's work, and as Kittie said good-bye to Mamie that night she said, "This is the best Fourth I ever had."

Fire-Works.

—Parrot—"Polly wants a cracker!"

Bad boy with fire-cracker—"Well, you're goin' ter get it!"

—"The Lay of the *Last* Minstrel"—A shoe-maker's song.

—Little brother Eddie came rushing in with a fire-cracker which he had found in the street, and said, "Mamma, I've found a fire-cracker wivout any wick on it."

—What is there remarkable about OUR YOUTH? It can stand alone before it is one year old.

—Papa said to mamma as they started on their vacation, "You wont have 'a reverend idol' to amuse you this time."

"No, but I will have an idle reverend," said mamma.

That hit papa.

—Another time papa said, "If fools were all dead, where would you be?"

"At home at my father's, a poor, lone widow," said mamma.

That hit papa bad.

—Why was President Cleveland sure of venison at Deer Park? Because he took his dear with him.

A. E. S.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

PULL up the flag! Let the breeze stretch it out! Blow the wind as the wind will—north, south, east, west—give to its keeping the "Star-spangled banner!"

SOUTH wind, blow! Let the stripes point toward the north—toward the glorious old States that have always loved the "Union;" toward the pine forests and granite mountains; toward the rich valleys and great cities; toward our good Canadian neighbors beyond the Lakes, who share with us the honor of living on this grand continent, and who are worthy of our confidence and affection; toward the regions of snow and ice beyond, far as light and thought can travel; and with our thought shall go our thanks for Greely and our prayers for Gilder. Plant the flag of our Union at the north pole!

NORTH wind, blow! Stripes southward toward cotton fields and orange groves; toward dense forests, tall palmettos, and white magnolias; toward the Gulf and the Tropics; toward new cities and new civilizations. Speak, O Banner of the brave, to our brothers of the sunny South-land—to the brave white man and to the brave black man alike! Salute them in the name of Liberty and Righteousness! Congratulate them upon this Union of States, from the Lakes to the Gulf, from Niagara to New Orleans! Bless them with promise of a golden future, when bitter memories shall cease and brotherhood abide, and prosperity bless the nation; when Intelligence shall clasp hands with Freedom, and Faith in God crown them both.

EAST wind, blow! Flag, face the west! Shine every star and stretch every stripe! Point to the path of empire. Point to the broad prairies, mighty rivers, lofty mountains, rich mines, countless herds and flocks, far-reaching railways, cities that sprung up as by miracle, and States of power and wealth now rising to greet the tides of population pouring westward! Prophesy, O Flag of our Union, and speak to the people of the far West! Bid them know their times and be wise! Tell of the millions who are to come from all parts of the earth! Tell of the treasures to be gathered from field and mountain! Tell of the cities to be built by lake-side and river, and in the valleys among the hills! Point to the Alaskan solitudes, and prophesy the glory still hidden! And as thy stars tremble in the strong breeze from the stormy Atlantic plead, O Flag of our fathers, in behalf of Indian tribes, neglected and abused, who need sympathy and justice from the white-faces that look up to thee with pride and purpose!

WEST wind, blow! Glorious banner, give thyself to the breath from the prairies and the mountains of the west, and turn with eagerness, under a cloudless sky, toward the blue Atlantic, and send over the trackless path by which our forefathers crossed the sea a welcome and a benediction! Let nations beyond the ocean hear thy song! Tell the tyrants that their time has come; that thrones, except as toys, must topple to their destruction; that scepters and swords are useless now as means of holding the populations of earth in bondage; that kings are as good as mechanics if both are righteous and just and gentle in the sight of God; that honest plebeians are better than dishonest princes; that man is man, and as man is entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Bid them all welcome to our shores—as free men, but not as slaves; as independent voters, but not as tools of ecclesiastical tyrants or political managers; as intelligent, upright citizens, but not as ignorant, degraded, seditious brutes and anarchists.

THUS the flag springs up into the heavens over Statehouse, Church, and Home on this Fourth of July in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, being the one hundred and tenth year of our American independence! Blow the wind as the wind will—north, south, east, west—we give to its strong and glad embrace the flag that floats "over the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

BELLS, banners, songs, processions, orations, brass-bands, cannons, rockets, horns, and fire-crackers! In these ways American patriotism expresses itself. From the noon of night to the hour of utter exhaustion, about twenty-two hours later, racket and rollic are the order of the day. Jollity and the smell of powder are in the air. Old men catch the spirit of the season and are young again. Wise men catch the infection and, as drum and fife go by, fall into step to the martial summoning. Fools get drunk and liquor-sellers gather gain. A great day for the American people is the Fourth of July!

WE believe in the bells, the banners, the brass-bands, the processions, and the orations. We can endure the boom of the great guns in the morning and at high noon. We do not object to a display at the right time and under the right direction of fire-works—"set-pieces" and rockets. They foster a certain kind of national enthusiasm among people who are apt to care too little for the country and its flag. They are a primer of patriotism—spelling in big words, with big letters, and showing in big pictures big facts about the Nation and its history. Ignorant people read these lessons of loyalty to the land they live in. So far, so good. Let the cannons roar, and the flags float, and the brass-bands blow, and the bells ring, and the rockets leap and hiss and explode, and the orators declaim. But—

BUT *must* we be awakened at midnight by all this din and confusion? Wont six o'clock A. M., July 4, be time enough to begin? Must tin horns, fire-crackers, and fire-bells wake up fatigued and nervous folks and keep them awake six hours before the proper rising hour? Who is benefited by this untimely proceeding? Who is any better off for it—then or later? Is there no remedy for this nuisance? Does the Flag need it? Does the Constitution of the country require it? Is it necessary to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?" Will the readers of OUR YOUTH use their influence

to prevent this turning of night into day, and this destruction of peace and comfort in the American home? Let us have a day of it—but not a night and a day. At sunrise ring the bells and fire off the cannons and send up a great shout and tell the nations of the earth what a brave set of people we are; but do let Brother Jonathan advertise to the world outside that he and his know when to go to bed and when to get up—even on "the glorious Fourth."

THERE is another point to be guarded. We would discourage and destroy the fire-cracker nuisance. It is in no way good and in every way bad. Patriotism is sufficiently expressed and augmented by the noise of the big bells and the booming of the big guns. Let the children listen to these awakening and arousing and inspiring demonstrations; but away with fire-crackers and "torpedoes!" They are an inexpressible and inexcusable nuisance. They irritate and unnecessarily injure the nerves of weak and worn-out women. They aggravate the suffering of the sick. They frighten horses. They taint the atmosphere. They soil sidewalk and lawn. They promote thoughtlessness and cruelty in children. They expose clothes and houses to fire. They waste an untold amount of money. And for all this there is nothing useful to show. The excitement which young folks call "fun" is morbid and unwholesome. Let us find some other way of "spending the Fourth." Let us avoid beer, whisky, fire-crackers, and torpedoes. Let us be patriotic without making ourselves a nuisance. May the readers of OUR YOUTH enjoy a bright, patriotic, and national "Fourth of July!"

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for July 11, 1886. JESUS, THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—John 10. 1–18. GOLDEN TEXT.—John 10. 11.

PREFATORY. The Gospel of St. John deals with the interior and spiritual life of Christ and of his disciples. Matthew, Mark, and Luke build the house—four walls, windows, floors, fire-place. It is well-built and substantial. John furnishes it and makes it ready to live in. He kindles the fire on the hearth and puts the chairs in a semicircle ready for a cozy chat. He sets the table and invites the guests to a feast. He bids the saints welcome, and by pictures and song and high converse makes them glad for the coming of the King and the opening of the palace, and the great peace of the place.

INTERROGATORY. Who are the persons or the characters of this lesson? Who are the sheep? What characteristics of the sheep are named here? What characteristics of the "good shepherd?" In what relation is Jesus set forth in the lesson? How can it be said that Jesus is "the door of the sheep?" Find out all that is said in the lesson about God? In what sense are good people in these days "sheep?" To whom is reference made in verse 16 as "other sheep?" What lessons to affect the daily life of a young man or woman can you gather from this lesson?

HOMILY. In every thing there is a right way and a wrong way. In running a steam engine one must follow the laws of iron, and water, and fuel, and fire, and steam. If a man should violate any law he will fail and suffer. Nature is not narrow or bigoted because she is very particular as to what you do with her energies and her material. Nature will blow up a boiler in a second if her laws are not respected, and whoever gets in the way, whether he be dog, prince, or engineer, will pay for his carelessness or folly by loss of limb or of life. There is a "way" to manage electricity. There is a way to run a ship. So there is a way to exercise one's right as an American citizen at the ballot-box; a way to make money; a way to be elected to office. If a man know and adopt the right way he wins what he sought. There is a wrong way which he may adopt, and, other things being equal, he will miss his mark and suffer consequences.

Why should it be thought unreasonable that a right way has been provided and announced by which a man may be brought into the kingdom of God? Jesus insists on the one true entrance into the "sheep-fold," and he has severe words for him who "entereth not by the door" but "climbeth up some other way." It is a good thing to do one's work legitimately; to do God's will; to discover the laws of repentance, and remission, and reform, and regeneration, and conform to them. So the true Christ came from heaven to earth to show man the true way from earth to heaven. And they who know Christ, and hear his voice, and obey shall find truth and peace. He is the "good Shepherd." He knows the wilderness, the way into it, and the way out of it. He knows the foes and the perils. He knows the fold where safety lies and where peace is found, and blessed are they who find and follow him. They are not deluded by false doctrines, by evil spirits, by worldly allurements, by selfish ambitions. They are sheep following the shepherd toward the fold where are security and abundance.

It is not unmanly to be a "sheep" in the sense of this figure, as used in the lesson. With all our strength we need greater strength. With all our wisdom we need fuller wisdom. No man is so self-sufficient that he does not require a guide and a comforter at some time. God would have men feel this when at their best that they may be truthful and not proud or bold. Man's hope is God. In God we must trust. By the beautiful figure of the shepherd and the sheep-fold the Lord teaches us what he is willing to be to us.

PRAYER. O Thou great Shepherd, be our strength and support in the wilderness through which we journey. May we learn to love Thy voice and follow gladly Thy leading. Preserve us from our enemies and bring us in safety to the heavenly fold. O Thou good Shepherd, be our delight and give us peace. And may Thy rod and Thy staff comfort us! Amen.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That manual training should form part of the public-school course.

Summing Up—Affirmative.

THE supporters of this resolution believe that the public schools in their present form are not doing their utmost to train up young people to useful citizenship. The course of study includes too many fancy branches which can be of no practical advantage to the children who bestow upon them much valuable time.

The adoption of manual training as a part of the common school course would serve to fit the hands as well as the heads of the children for their life-work; it would afford a grateful relief to minds wearied by application to purely intellectual studies; it would add to the dignity of honest toil by placing the children of all "classes" side by side at the same bench and by giving labor an equal place with book-learning in the schools; it would be of the greatest value to the poor, who could in this way combine work and school, and secure at least an elementary training, manual and mental, before going to work in earnest; the mind would be rendered capable of better understanding the sciences by a study of their applications in the processes of the work-room. The general adoption of manual training in American public schools seems to be a fact of the not far distant future, and not until it is adopted will our public schools fulfill their whole duty to the republic and its citizens.

G. C. C.

Negative.

THE argument of the negative on this question rests upon several admitted facts. In the first place the curriculum of the public school is already overcrowded so that it would be a misfortune to the pupils if it should be further extended by the addition of training in the management of tools, for if such training is to be of real use it must be given at no small expense of time and attention.

In the second place there is an evil tendency in this country to exalt money-making at the cost of every thing else. The dollar is the test by which all things are proved "whether they be good or evil." It is this spirit of practicality which sees too much time given to the pursuit of any studies beyond the narrow circle of reading, writing, and arithmetic. The supporters of this principle cry up manual training, forgetting that there is great lack in this country of men who can think as well as add a column of figures or guide the cutter of a lathe.

A further objection to the new innovation is this: The common schools are largely for the poor, and the poor have work always with them. Many children labor before and after school, and if within the doors of the school-house they are to find no respite they will turn in disgust from the only spot where they can obtain the mental training by which they might rise above the conditions of birth and home surroundings.

E. S., JR.

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—*Lessing*.

TEN POINTS OF WISDOM.—There are ten things for which no one has ever yet been sorry—for doing good to all; for speaking evil of none; for hearing before judging; for thinking before speaking; for holding an angry tongue; for being kind to the distressed; for asking pardon for all wrongs; for being patient toward every body; for stopping the ears to tale-bearers; for disbelieving ill reports.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE Chicago Methodist Preachers' Meeting unanimously adopted the following minute at their meeting on Monday, May 17, 1886:

Your committee appointed to consider and report upon the OXFORD LEAGUE and OUR YOUTH beg leave to present the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we have listened with great pleasure to Dr. Vincent's presentation of these subjects to this Preachers' Meeting.

Resolved, That we regard the OXFORD LEAGUE as admirably adapted to the noble aims of its founder, namely, to perpetuate the spirit and genius of early Methodism, to incite a deep interest in the study of God's word, to foster a spirit of general culture, to develop a growth of personal holiness, and to excite a zeal for Christian activities.

Resolved, That we believe the OXFORD LEAGUE, if thoroughly organized and faithfully worked, is peculiarly adapted to make our young people Methodists in the best sense, to create in them a love and loyalty for our Church, and to awaken in them the true catholic spirit of evangelical Christianity.

Resolved, That we will organize and maintain the OXFORD LEAGUE in all our charges, wherever practicable.

Resolved, That we recognize OUR YOUTH as a most fitting organ of the League, as being specially suited to the needs of our youth, and as meriting our hearty indorsement and commendation.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to extend the circulation of OUR YOUTH wherever practicable.

AN Oxford League has been organized in the leading Methodist Episcopal Church in *Kansas City, Mo.*, Rev. C. W. Parsons, pastor. They have about seventy members already, and expect one hundred.

A LEAGUE is reported for Trinity Church, *Quincy, Ill.*, Rev. G. E. Scrimger, pastor. Twenty members. Leaton Orwin, Leader, and William Allen, Secretary.

OXFORD LEAGUE OF MONROE, MICH.

Dear Dr. Vincent: In response to your letter, seconded by inquiries from many Oxford Leaguers all over the country, I will now briefly state some of the novelties connected with our League here.

In the very first breath let it be said that it would be difficult to improve upon the original model of the League as projected by yourself. One strength of that model, however, lay in the margin which it left for local adaptations. With such modifications of the original plan as common sense is swift to suggest the Oxford League ought to succeed grandly in every charge.

The greatest obstacle to the successful working of the League in this old historic Church seemed to be a strange depreciation by our young people of the distinctive doctrines and usages of Methodism, connected, of course, with a corresponding indifference to her history. It was evident that nothing could counteract such a sentiment more thoroughly than an Oxford League; but more than doubtful whether those under the influence of such a sentiment could be induced to join the League. In this condition of things (not altogether unknown in some other cities, I fear) one thing was soon settled. The League should be established and should succeed. The doctrine and history and usages of Methodism should for once get a fair hearing in Monroe.

The following modes of procedure, we believe, are now contributing to the hoped for result.

In the first place, we meet every fortnight and thus have room for literary exercises after the regular drill on the Oxford League course of study is over.

For the sake of adding interest to this feature of the League's work the pastor has procured a magic lantern, and gives illustrated lectures on such subjects as "The Catacombs," "The Pyramids," "Comets," "Geologic Life," etc.

Familiar subjects are chosen, and the views are painted by the pastor's wife, so that neither the labor nor expense is very great.

Every third session of the League is made a public session, to which all members of the League are admitted free, while a charge of a dime is made to all others. At these dime entertainments either a model session of the Oxford League is given, or a special literary and musical programme. We are having a course of dime lectures which will compare favorably with those of more ambitious claims. Our intention is to make the League the center of the social enterprises among the young people of the Church.

Another plan is to invite pastors of other churches in the city to give us lectures on their respective denominational history and polity. All this attracts to the League many who would not otherwise join, and prepares them to receive its religious and Methodistic teachings in an appreciative mood. It is worth adding that we charge no admission fee, but every member not present at roll call is fined. This insures a full attendance at our class drill on Methodism.

The secret of success in this, as in all such societies, lies in giving every body something to do, and in having constant variety in the exercises. Yours hopefully, C. M. COBERN.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Broom Factory. Summer passed quickly at the Benly farm. There was plenty for all to do, and they managed to have a happy time doing it.

Mr. Benly gave the boys permission to go off for a camping trip of a few days, and a jolly time they had.

Mrs. Benly gave them a lot of good things to carry. A pack-saddle was put upon one of the mules, and he was loaded with provisions and cooking utensils until Mr. Benly declared that it reminded him of moving time in old Massachusetts. Each of the boys had a blanket and an oil-skin coat strapped behind him, and they set off in a westerly direction to explore the country and be cowboys for a week. They had no exciting adventures, but they visited a number of farms and small towns and got an idea of the new country which had become their home.

The boys found one thing that set them thinking. On the outskirts of a small village about seventy-five miles from their farm, they saw a small building on which was fastened a sign: *Sinclair Broom Factory.*

They went to visit the factory and found the proprietor at work with two assistants—young boys. They were arranging the broom-corn, fastening it to wooden handles, sewing it with fine wire, and then trimming it to a proper size and shape. They were making small whisk-brooms at the time, but there were bundles of large house-brooms ready packed for shipment, and many others stacked on one side of the room.

In reply to questions the proprietor said that the business was a very good one. Broom corn grew well, and the demand for brooms in that section was steadily increasing. He said that the machinery was not very expensive, and one could quickly learn the trade.

On the homeward journey the boys talked over the broom factory, and decided to get their father's permission to start a similar enterprise. So full were they of this new idea that they hastened their homeward journey and arrived a day before they were expected.

Mr. Benly listened to their eager talk, and when they had finished told them a bit of news which delighted them. A new railroad was being surveyed and would pass only three miles to the south of their farm.

"That will double the value of the farm. I am glad I bought that extra land before we knew about the road," said Mr. Benly. "If it hadn't been for the new road I don't think I'd go in for the broom factory, but as it is I guess we'll give it a trial."

The next summer saw the new road in operation and the broom factory ready for work. Hauling the wheat had become a different thing when the distance was three miles instead of twenty.

The broom-corn had been planted in the early spring, and by autumn was harvested and dried ready for manufacturing purposes. The farm engine, bought to run the new thresher, supplied power to the little factory. A man from the company who furnished the machinery came to teach the new broom-makers the trade. In a couple of months Mr. Benly, Joe, and the boys felt quite capable of running the establishment themselves, and the hired instructor was allowed to depart.

The inside of the little factory presented an interesting sight. Mr. Benly at a lathe in one end turned out the handles for the brooms. Joe at a bench fastened the broom-straw to the handle, and passed it on to Jack, who stitched it with wire, and gave it to Will, who in turn trimmed the ends. Cora pasted a label on the handle and tied a string around the broom part. Afterward either Mr. Benly or one of the boys oiled and varnished the wood.

The work was not hard, and during the winter several hours a day were pleasantly spent in the shop. The brooms were shipped to wholesale firms in Chicago and other places. Together with the wheat the broom-factory made a comfortable income for the Benlys, and the future seemed to promise steadily increasing prosperity.

PRODUCTIVENESS OF LAND.

THE productiveness of land depends upon two things—the character of the land itself, and the location of the land.

Mr. Benly at first had good land twenty miles from *Belleview*, the nearest railroad station. A man five miles from the station might have had considerably worse land, and yet the two farms might have been equal in productiveness. Mr. Benly could raise more bushels of wheat to the acre, but he would have to haul it four times as far, so what he gained by the richness of his farm he would lose on account of its remoteness from the railroad.

When the new road came Mr. Benly was glad because it immediately increased the productiveness of his land. The freight was the same by the new road, and Mr. Benly saved fifteen miles of hauling—no inconsiderable amount on a large crop of wheat.

DIVISION OF LABOR.

WE have in the Benlys' broom factory an example of industrial organization. The raw material, broom-corn and wood, represent land; the building, machinery, food for the workers, etc., is the capital, and the Benlys and Joe supply the labor. We would call attention to one fact.

Each worker in the factory does not make complete brooms. Each does one part of the work, all combine to turn out brooms. This is called division of labor. We find it every-where in our industries. The principal advantage of division of labor is that each one becomes dexterous in doing his particular work. Mr. Benly turns the handles skillfully, and it would be a great loss of time if he were to turn the handle and then finish the broom. The old saw "Jack of all trades is master of none" may be applied here. Another consideration is this: much time is lost in passing from one occupation to another, and if a man goes through several processes instead of one he will waste many valuable minutes.

Let us illustrate this division of labor further.

Suppose one man set out to make a business of clothing a man completely. He makes first a hat, then a suit of clothes, and then a pair of shoes. What sort of a looking object would a man be fitted out by a combination hatter, tailor, and shoe-maker? The great advance in industrial matters is due to the division of labor and to the invention of machinery by which one man may do the work of many. This is an interesting subject, and is well worth careful attention.

The Journalist, No 3, appears on page 73, and is an excellent number. We congratulate the editors upon their bright and well-written paper.

No. 4 will not appear until September. We will give our readers a good vacation, and try to supply them with plenty of seasonable articles.

Mr. Oxley, who has contributed two entertaining papers on "Swimming," will add one on "Cricket," and another on "Lacrosse."

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

The Fourth of July.

We need not in the case of this holiday trace back mysterious origins into the Middle Ages, as we are compelled to do for Christmas festivities and St. Valentine customs. We all know what the Fourth of July means. We have all heard orators with eloquent gestures and flying coat-tails describe the signing of the great document which Americans wave as a red flag before the British bull. We are more or less familiar with the "American Eagle," "the Palladium of our Liberties," "Freedom," "Liberty," etc. Yes, we know all about the Fourth of July, and what is more we propose to have every other country of the globe know about it too. Therefore we make as much noise as we can, cheer ourselves hoarse, and swell with national pride. It is a good thing for all of us, old and young, but especially for the young. The small boy who the whole year round is repressed and quieted is on this one day let loose, like a young lion starved for a gladiatorial show. With a fierce yell the young American bursts from his home before daylight on the morning of this glorious day, and for fifteen hours or more revels in explosions, shouts, tin horns, and every other ear-splitting device which gladdens the youthful heart, and sours the milk of human kindness in every old bachelor of the neighborhood.

Our Youth says to its young readers: "If you have good lungs shout and blow, but don't begin too early; use all the fire-crackers and torpedoes you can secure, but don't use *loose powder* or *toy pistols*." We do not want to throw cold water on this joyous occasion, but we must enter words of protest against the use of loose powder and toy pistols. They are dangerous things to handle, and he is a wise father who strictly forbids his son to touch them, and he a foolish as well as a mean boy who will disobey the paternal command.

A Fourth-of-July Lawn Party.

After young people reach the age of sixteen they do not care much for noisy demonstration on our national holiday. A very pleasant means of celebrating the "Fourth" may be found in a lawn party. Some one who has large grounds will be willing to give the use of them to a party of young people for the late afternoon and evening. The young ladies are expected to look after the tea which may be served on tables or in genuine picnic style. The time before and after the tea may be spent in playing games and in conversation.

When it grows fully dark, the young men are expected to give an exhibition of fire-works. We have mentioned before in this department the advantages of co-operation in plans for amusement. The success of this idea is manifest in the case of a display of fire-works. Suppose ten young fellows invest independently in a few fire-works, and set them off at home before a few friends. As a result each separate part has a pitiful display of its own. But on the other hand, if these same ten young men join forces and buy a really good lot of fire-works, and set them off before their friends in a body, a manifest advantage will be gained. Think of this plan, and work it up.

News from Camp.

Under this title we shall open a new department of *Recreation* for the summer. Our idea is to print reports from camping-out parties all over the country. We must limit each report to 200 words, but a great many things may be told in that space. Many of our readers will no doubt be in camp sometime during the season, and they will be interested in comparing experiences with others, while the majority, who are compelled to stay at home and be content with three good meals a day and a comfortable bed at night, will enjoy in imagination the pleasures of the more favored few.

We will receive reports from any camp, be it only a one-night bivouac, or a two or three weeks' settlement. Let the reports come in at once.

The Harvard-Yale Race.

On Friday, July 2, the crews of Harvard and Yale will row the annual four-mile straight-away race on the Thames at New London, Conn. We mentioned this race in connection with the Oxford-Cambridge race last spring, and in many respects the two contests are parallel. The crews are in both cases "eights with a coxswain," the distance is about the same, and the two institutions in this country hold relations somewhat similar to those existing between the English universities. Both races are rowed on the Thames, one at old London, the other at New London. On the day of the race New London is crowded with friends of the two colleges. Yale supporters wear the blue, and Harvard sympathizers show crimson colors.

Great excitement prevails, and when the two shells, dashing through the water in response to the powerful strokes of the oarsmen, near the finish the shouting and cheering is fairly deafening.

Ten races have been rowed. Harvard has won six; Yale four. We go to press before the race is decided, but popular favor seems to rest with the Harvard eight.

The Comic Concert.

In this performance the company for the time imagine themselves to be a band of musicians. The leader of the band is supposed to furnish each of the performers with a different musical instrument. Consequently, a violin, a harp, a flute, an accordeon, a piano, a jew's-harp, and any thing else that would add to the noise, are all to be performed upon at the same time. Provided with an instrument of some description himself, the leader begins playing a tune on his imaginary violoncello, or whatever else it may be, imitating the real sound as well as he can both in action and voice. The others all do the same, the sight presented being, as may well be imagined, exceedingly ludicrous, and the noise almost deafening. In the midst of it, the leader quite unexpectedly stops playing, and makes an entire change in his attitude and tone of voice, substituting for his own instrument one belonging to some one else. As soon as he does this, the performer who has been thus unceremoniously deprived of his instrument takes that of his leader, and performs on it instead. Thus the game is continued, every one being expected to carefully watch the leader's actions, and to be prepared at any time for making a sudden change.

Base-Ball.

Answers.

No. 8. Page 27, No. 28. (First correct answer received.) Second base-man should drop the ball, pick it up and touch his base, and then throw it to first base. M. G. Urner, Jr.

No. 9. Page 27, No. 28. (First correct answer received.) First base should throw to third. Short-stop should back up third base-man. John W. Kenyon.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

British India is cursed by a plague of wild beasts. 22,425 persons lost their lives in that country in 1884 from the bites of wild animals and venomous snakes.

For years we have bowed down to Webster or Worcester; but an era of dictionaries is upon us. Stormonth, the Imperial, have come already, and now the "Century Dictionary" is promised to excel them all. President Porter of Yale is revising the standard Webster.

It is said that an Eastern teacher required her pupils to write, in twenty words, the definition of "man." One answer read as follows: "Man is an animal that stands up. He is not very big, and he has to work for a living." Who could do better within such narrow limits?

The University of Heidelberg is 500 years old—the senior of the German universities. Harvard was founded in 1636; Yale in 1701.

In Wisconsin, New York, and Connecticut boycotting has been adjudged a criminal offense.

Capt. Boycott, who will live as an active verb in the English language long after he will be forgotten as an Irish land agent, removed to England, where he is appointed agent of the Flixton Hall estates of Lord Waveney. Capt. Boycott has been for many years a patron of the Irish turf, and kept some famous racers. He was agent for the estates of the Earl of Erne in Ireland, and his harshness and cruelty helped to precipitate the recent Irish land war. Since he was boycotted, six years ago, he has lived in peace with the tenantry, and has grown as nearly popular as an Irish land agent can hope to be.

The wheat yield of the United States for 1886 is estimated at 475,000,000 bushels. Yet hundreds of people die in this country for want of bread.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Persia.

(Area, 610,000 sq. miles; population, 7,653,600; ruler, Shah Nasar-ed-Din.)

PERSIA, the ruin of a once powerful empire of western Asia, occupies the plateau of Iran between the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf. Immense tracts of its surface are sandy deserts or salt marshes, but the long valleys and parts of the coast region are among the most fertile and attractive portions of the earth. Nearly one fourth of the inhabitants are wandering tribes living in tents. Agriculture is the leading occupation, the principal productions being silk, cotton, grain, and fruit. Shawls and carpets of domestic manufacture are also exported. Teheran, Tabriz, Ispahan, Meshed, and Bushire are the more important cities, but no reliable census of their population is published. The people are deficient in enterprise. The army is organized and officered by Europeans, who also control the scanty railroad, telegraph, and postal systems. There is no navy. The army is small, and composed largely of irregular troops. The religion of the people is Mohammedan, differing slightly from that of the Turks. The Shah is the absolute sovereign except in so far as he is bound by the precepts of the Koran. Taxation is severe, and misgovernment keeps nearly every body except the officials poor. Persia possesses some importance from its position in the road between India and the rival European empires of Russia and Great Britain.

The plateau of Iran is considered the home of the numerous Aryan family, which is now spread all over the globe. The dawn of history finds this region under the Assyrian dominion. Two nations dwelt here. First the Medes overthrew the Assyrians, and then Cyrus the Persian overwhelmed them all and extended his empire to the Mediterranean. His son conquered Egypt, and their successors undertook to fix Eastern laws and customs upon Europe. But Greece blocked the way at Marathon 490 B. C., and held her ground for fifteen years, when the baffled Persians desisted. The great empire was weakened by the independence of the governors to whom the provinces were intrusted, and civil wars became frequent. Alexander the Great led an army into Asia in 334 B.C. and conquered Persia (334–330). He hoped to found a Greek empire in Asia, but his death left the land in disorder. The Parthian power arose on the ruins of Alexander's dominion and served to check the eastward progress of Rome for centuries. The last Parthian king was defeated and killed 226 A. D. by Artaxerxes, who founded the new Persian empire of the Sassanidæ. This state was engaged in almost continuous wars with the Eastern or Byzantine Empire, and with the migrating Tartar tribes. In the year 620 Persia had again reached the limits which it had attained under Darius. Twenty-one years later it passed under the rule of the Arabian successors of Mohammed and became a part of the empire of the Saracens. They treated it as a province, but it became independent and was ruled by a succession of unimportant sovereigns. Genghis Khan and Tamerlane conquered the country in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Afghanistan and Beloochistan separated from the empire in the eighteenth, and it split up into a number of small states which were reunited in 1755. The encroachments of Russia are the principal features of Persian history in the last hundred years.

Bourbon and Bonaparte.

THE leading princes of the royal families of France have been banished. The decree of the Republican government was published June 23, and the princes immediately left the country.

There are two royal families in France. The Bourbons had ruled for centuries when they were deposed by the revolution of 1789. The soldier Napoleon Bonaparte then fought his way to the head of the state, and founded the rival house. At his downfall (1815) the Powers reinstated the Bourbons, Louis XVIII. becoming king. He was succeeded at his death, in 1824, by his brother Charles X., whose illiberal course led to his overthrow. In the "Revolution of July," 1830, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, was elected "King of the French." His family was a younger branch of the house of Bourbon. This "citizen king" was personally avaricious, and, his foreign policy proving a failure, he lost his popularity. When, in 1848, the Assembly voted for a republic he quietly moved out of the palace and took up his residence in England, where he died in 1850.

Louis Napoleon, an adventurous nephew of the first of the Bonapartes, became president of the new republic (1848), and, with the audacity of his family, he overthrew the republic and made himself emperor, ruling brilliantly for ten years. But in 1870 he was captured by the Germans, dying in exile in 1873. His only son entered the British army and was killed in the Zulu war. The royal claims of Charles X. descended to the Count of Chambord, who called himself "Henry V." He died childless in 1873, recognizing the Count of Paris as the head of the Bourbon line. This prince, the grandson of Louis Philippe, thus unites the rights, whatever they are, of both branches of the Bourbon family. He served on McClellan's staff in our Civil War, and has written an excellent history of that struggle. For several years he has lived quietly on his large estates, making no attempt to press his claims to the throne.

The House of Bonaparte is represented by Prince Joseph, son of Jerome, the first Napoleon's younger brother. Prince Joseph is almost without influence, and he has always been called by the absurd name "Plon-Plon"—his baby attempt to pronounce "Napoleon." His son, Victor, is included in the edict of banishment, which declares that any trespass on French soil shall be punished by imprisonment; and that no one of the affected persons shall return to France without formally abandoning pretensions to rule.

The Proceedings of Congress.

THE "fiscal year," which is the period for which the treasury accounts are made up, ended June 30, and at that time but few of the appropriations for the ensuing year had been made by Congress. The Senate has attended to these bills as fast as they are presented, but the House is much behindhand in their preparation.

The Shipping Bill, with Senator Frye's amendment retaliating upon Canada for the seizure of American fishing vessels, has become a law; but the force of the amendment is taken away by the action of the Canadian government in modifying their fishery rules.

Private pension bills have been passed by the hundred, and the President has shown his disapproval of the reckless manner in which these measures are drawn by returning some seventy of them without his signature. Of the important bills which have passed the Senate without yet coming up for action in the House is one forbidding alien individuals or corporations to buy land in large tracts in the Territories. An investigating committee reports that twenty-nine companies, managed, for the most part, by foreigners, own twenty million acres of land in the United States, an area equal to all New England. The House has prepared a bill on this subject, which is even more stringent than that of the Senate. The Upper House has voted the sum of $150,000 to indemnify the sufferers by the anti-Chinese riots in Wyoming Territory in September last. That body has also declared that the Northern Pacific Railroad Company forfeits all the land grants which have not been earned by the actual construction of road. By a two thirds vote the Senate has agreed to submit to the States a constitutional amendment providing that the terms of President and Congress shall begin April 30, instead of March 4, this change adding two months to the "short session" of Congress. The Senate has agreed to the House Bill restoring Fitz-John Porter to the army.

The House, in addition to its regular work with the appropriation bills and private pension acts, has taken up the Tariff Question. Mr. Morrison's bill to revise the tariff upon imported goods was defeated without debate June 17, by a vote of 140 to 157, the Republicans generally and the eastern Democrats opposing any reduction of the tariff. A bill imposing a tax of five cents per pound upon the manufacture of imitation butter was the subject of prolonged discussion, and finally passed the House, but its future in the Senate is uncertain.

A Brief Survey.

THE Canadian government has issued an order so modifying the fishery regulations that American vessels will be allowed to enter Canadian ports and purchase whatever they need provided that they do not remain longer than twenty-four hours.——Two envoys of the pope arrived in this country June 21, charged with presenting the insignia of office to Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, the new American cardinal. ——Edwin Percy Whipple, the distinguished critic and essayist, died in Boston June 19.——By a fire in the repair shops of a Boston horse railroad company June 21 twelve workmen lost their lives.——The lately appointed Roman Catholic cardinal of Canada, Taschereau, has issued a letter in which he disapproves of the Knights of Labor as an organization and attempts to dissuade members of his Church from connecting themselves with them.——The City of Providence, R. I., celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement June 23.——Paul Welzig, a boycotter whose case was made a test in the New York courts, was convicted of extortion June 23. He was secretary of a laborers' association which demanded and received $1,000 to raise the boycott on one George Theiss's place of amusement. The judge decided that "without making threats or using force, boycotters might still be guilty of intimidation."

Hobart Pasha, marshal of the Ottoman Empire, is dead. He was an Englishman, the third son of the Duke of Buckinghamshire. After serving with distinction in her majesty's navy in the Crimean war he was appointed to a high position in the Turkish navy, and applied himself to the reorganization and strengthening of that arm of the service. He won high honors in the wars with Turkey, and was made "mushir" or marshal of the empire, being the first Christian to receive that rank.——The Irish agitation having excited the Cubans to ask for home rule, the Spanish parliament has emphatically declared their request impracticable.——The British parliament was dissolved June 26. The elections begin the first week in July. ——The Bavarian parliament has confirmed Prince Luitpold in the regency of the kingdom. The peasantry greatly lament the death of King Louis; his funeral, June 19, was attended by throngs of people. It is thought that the new government is more favorable to Austria than to Prussia and the German Empire.

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A FEW EXTRACTS FROM OUR LETTERS.

LATROBE, PA., *April* 28, 1886.

Being a constant reader of OUR YOUTH, I very much regret to say my file of same is made conspicuous by the absence of No. 20, which thus far has failed to reach me. Please supply deficiency. It is the most eagerly sought of all visitors to our house. Papa and mamma delight in its presence, and would feel very much disappointed were it not to put in its visits regularly. MATTIE L. DOVEY.

April 29, 1886.

Have received from time to time specimen copies of OUR YOUTH, and I must say that I am profoundly interested in it, and you can rely on me to use every effort to give it as wide a circulation in my charge as possible. I send you two names. I am an enthusiastic advocate of OUR YOUTH. E. C. MACNICHOL.

LIMA, N. Y., *April* 27, 1886.

I know of no better present for young or old than a subscription to this paper.

Mrs. N. W. GIBSON.

DUNCANSVILLE, PA., *April* 27, 1886.

You will notice I am a regular subscriber, and I cannot say too much in praise of it.

MARK F. MENDENHALL.

CARLETON, MICH., *April* 28, 1886.

We are well pleased with OUR YOUTH, and think it ought to be in every family.

Mrs. A. A. GEE.

ROANOKE, VA., *April* 14, 1886.

I have been reading the paper OUR YOUTH ever since its publication, and the more I read it the better I like it. I hope to see it grow in power and interest until all our Methodist families and others shall feel its influence and shall realize that we are doing a noble work for God and Methodism. (Rev.) J. E. DEACON.

FRANK, NEB.

Please send me several specimen copies and I will show them to persons and will try to get some subscriptions. I think the paper is just the one for the young people and desire it wide circulation. W. H. FRANK, Sr.

RUPERT, VT., *May* 1, 1886.

I would take the liberty to say a few words in commendation of OUR YOUTH. Through the kindness and instrumentality of our Sunday-school superintendent we are enabled to have OUR YOUTH in the Sunday-school, and we recognize its merits. It is a paper that should be in every family in the land. It is a grand paper for the old as well as the young. But it reaches its greatest good as a paper for the young people. I am a young man, and I take great delight in reading its pages, eagerly devour its contents, and wish there were three or four pages added to it. It is the best paper for the young that I ever saw, and I predict that it will reach a very wide circulation.

EUGENE ELLSWORTH.

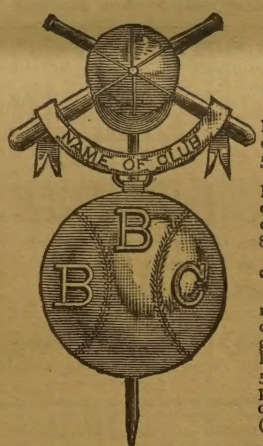
BLUE ISLAND, ILL., *April* 17, 1886.

I regard the paper by far the best of the kind I have ever seen. It deserves a most cordial and liberal support. (Rev.) C. W. CRALL.

MAIDEN ROCK, WIS., *April* 19, 1886.

I feel like saying of your firm and Dr. Vincent, "You have struck it, you have struck it!" and of ourselves, "Eureka! Eureka! We have found it! We have found it!" OUR YOUTH is just the thing. Shall take the specimen copies you have so kindly sent me in my pastoral rounds, and do my best to introduce it.

E. B. RUSSELL.



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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—There was a small boy had some powder,
And in trying to make it go louder,
He succeeded so well
That his friends couldn't tell
His remains from a dish of clam-chowder.
—*Yale Record.*

—Champoireau is sometimes absent-minded. The other day he had his hair cut, and when the operation was completed he regarded himself in the mirror.

"You have got it too short," he said to the barber, and he seated himself again in the chair.—*French Paper.*

—The hopeful six-year-old son of one of Waterbury's best-known lawyers walked into the district court-room the other morning, and, presenting a black kitten with a string about its neck, said,

"Papa, will you take care of my cat until school is out?"—*Hartford Times.*

—A farmer's wife living up among the New England hills had a longing all her life to see a hippopotamus. A circus and menagerie visited a neighboring town, and she harnessed up her old horse and eagerly jogged over the rough roads. When she stood in front of the cage where the huge beast was confined all she said was,

"My! aint he plain!"—*Life.*

—"Yes," said a barber to his customer, "I'm an Italian count. My father is the Duke Baricelli Muscallonge Garibaldi del Plaza. I'm his only son."

"Aren't you and your father on good terms?" said the customer.

"O, yes. In fact, I send the old gentleman $2 every week out of my wages."—*Exchange.*

—A wealthy New Yorker had engaged a splendid cottage at Newport, and also a new driver for his horses. The driver was obliged to be very polite if he intended to keep his place. Accordingly, when the master visited the Queen Anne stable, the following dialogue ensued:

Master—"Well, John, how are the horses?"

Coachman—"They are quite well, sir, thank you; and how are you?"—*Boston Beacon.*

—Madame was recounting that her husband was ill the night before, and it was necessary to send for a doctor at three o'clock in the morning.

"But I thought you had a doctor in the house, your eldest son?" said a neighbor.

"True, but we only let him doctor the servants."—*From the French.*

—Physician (with his ear to patient's chest)—"There is a curious swelling over the region of the heart, sir, which must be reduced at once."

Patient (anxiously)—"That 'swelling' is my pocket-book, doctor; please don't reduce it too much."—*Exchange.*

—When the rain had ceased the other evening, an elegantly attired young man planted a large telescope at the edge of the sidewalk on Market Street, near Dupont, and at once began:

"Step this way, ladies and gentlemen, and without any charge whatever behold the beautiful orbs of the heavens in all their magnificence."

He pointed the tube at one of the larger stars, gazed through it a moment, and then resumed his discourse, dilating on the splendor of Venus. Soon a man stopped to peer through the instrument. Another followed his example, and before long there was a line of people of both sexes waiting their turn. A reporter, who observed the solemn way in which they skipped, waited in the line, and when he finally got up to the telescope and looked in, saw, in large characters, these words,

"Buy Blowhard's Soap. See that the trade-mark is on every bar."—*San Francisco Call.*

—Magistrate (to new policeman)—"Did you notice no suspicious characters about the neighborhood?"

New policeman—"Sure, yer honor, I saw but one mon, an' I asked him wot he was doin' there at that time o' night. Sez he, 'I have no business here jest now, but I expects to open a jewelry sthore in this vicinity later on.' At that I sez, 'I wish ye success, sorr.'"

Magistrate (disgusted)—"Yes, he did open a jewelry store in that vicinity, and stole seventeen gold watches."

New policeman (after a pause)—"Arrah, yer honor, the mon may have been a thafe, but he was no loiar."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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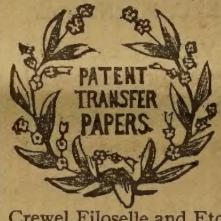

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